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DESERT RACING IN THE U.S. of A.

What a

BLINDER!

THE PARTY'S OVER.

Is the
Sexual
Revolution
dead?

MEN DON THE FROCKS AT THE
Alternative Miss World

PLUS The *Fantastic*
Free POSTER!



JOKER

Denise was a very well endowed nurse. One day she was spotted by the ward sister with her clothes all creased and one of her tits hanging out of its bra cup.

"Nurse," cried the sister, "why is your uniform not tucked in properly, and why is your left breast hanging out?"

"Oh," replied Nurse Denise, "it's those newly qualified doctors: they never put anything back once they've finished with it."

JOKER

hospital. We'd had a really rough shift and he was superb at everything. There came a lull and I was on my way to our rest room for ten minutes with my feet up. It's as though this happened yesterday. I heard him calling my name. I turned and he said softly, "Come here, Judy." I went up to where he was standing, outside a small storeroom. "Yes Doctor," I asked, "what is it you want?" I remember him glancing quickly up and down the corridor, taking a deep breath, then taking my hand, he said hoarsely, "This Judy...can you do anything about this?" He pushed my hand inside his white coat and onto his thigh. I gasped in surprise over the huge rock hard cock that I was holding, for he already had his prick out of his trousers. I think I blurted out, "Oh yes, doctor, oh yes." My other hand was opening the storeroom door and then we were inside.

Danny and I fucked off duty many times but that first encounter will stay with me forever. I doubt if it lasted more than five minutes and my orgasms were endless. We fucked standing up, facing each other, and all through it I was stood with one foot on the floor and the other up on a shelf. He had his hands under my buttocks and rode me faster, quicker, deeper than I'd ever known before. He had ten

JANE



PARTY'S OVER

In the 60s, sex was a form of self-expression, a way of establishing your autonomy. These days it's an altogether riskier proposition. Safe sex makes absolute sense. Why gamble with your life and someone else's? TED POLHEMUS remembers the original sexual revolution and takes a personal look at today's safer alternatives...

TALKING ABOUT SEXUAL REVOLUTION

It's 1969 and I'm sat in a Soho coffee bar trying to look as cool as possible. There's this really groovy chick stood near me. She's wearing an extremely mini minidress and a badge which says 'MAKE LOVE NOT WAR'. I'm, like, nonchalantly sipping my 8th espresso when — after rehearsing it in my head half a dozen times — I make my move.

"So... ah... so you practice what it says on your badge?"

"Do you live far from here?"

"Five stops on the Northern Line."

"Can we fuck there?"

And that is exactly what we did. Several times in point of fact (but before you get too envious I should point out that aside from giving good head Miss Make Love Not War also gave me herpes — a little present which hung around, off and on, for more than ten years).

The '60s really were *something else*. The Pill, teenagers with a few bob in their pockets for the first time, miniskirts and kinky boots. A generally *happening* sort of atmosphere amplified by reports in the press concerning fun things to do with Mars Bars. The media called it a 'sexual revolution.' And so it was.

Granted, there were the odd days when even I failed to pick up a groovy, eager chick in an espresso bar. OK, to be honest, *entire pop festivals* when all one got in one's sleeping bag was a lot of mud. But a new, more tolerant, less inhibited attitude towards sex had bulldozed your Mary Whitehouses and other would-be party poopers into, if not silence, at least a position where their rantings and ravings mostly fell on deaf ears. To be *with it* and *modern* was to be sexually uninhibited and open to even the most casual, "Do you live far from here?" erotic encounters.

"Granted, there were the odd days when even I failed to pick up a groovy chick."

The '60s didn't invent promiscuity. I have it on good account that the ancient Romans and even the 18th century Britains (see, for example, Henry Fielding's novel *Tom Jones*) knew a thing or two about casual sex. What was unique about the 1960's sexual revolution was the media's wall to wall coverage of it and the way that continual headlines about bonking vicars, and so forth, with your corn flakes, made promiscuity practically compulsory.

Nor should one forget the importance of the recently

invented contraceptive pill. Never before in human history had there been such a good odds against unwanted pregnancy. While, at the same time, another scientific breakthrough — penicillin — meant that the scourge of venereal disease was reduced to an inconvenience rather than a death sentence.

The bottom line of all this was that in the 60s it became damn difficult to think of any logical reason why everyone shouldn't be having it off with everyone else in sight. Where once, only a decade before, you would have been talking about, say, maybe a bit of tit groping on the third date, in the 60s things became steadily more, "Do you live far from here?" and even, "How about a quickie out the back?" True, not even the 'quickie' was an entirely new concept in sexual behaviour — but where previously this would have been experienced, typically, only with a professional lady of the evening, now it was the girl next door spreading her legs, not for money but for the fun of it. Certainly, the casualness of the catchphrase, "My place or yours?" had something uniquely

'60s ish about it.

The '70s carried casual sex to new realms of nonchalance. Tales were told of lusty suburbanites selecting their partners by means of blindly picking a set of car keys from a hat. Not owning a car, I wouldn't have done very well out of this game, but on a trip to New York in the late '70s I did manage to visit a swingers' club called *Plato's Retreat* where huge piles of naked, humping couples pulsed to disco rhythms — taking a break only to grab some pizza in the restaurant or to sink spent and

exhausted into the warm (highly chlorinated) water of the jacuzzi. You couldn't get more casual about sex than at such a swingers' club (with first name introductions happening, if at all, only *afterwards* — "You all from London England? Love the accent"). Except, perhaps, in one of the gay discos and bath-houses which also sprang up in the '70s particularly (but not exclusively) in the USA where by all accounts promiscuity was

could not possibly have looked that dreadful the night before could be a downer. There was also, I think, in retrospect, a price to be paid in terms of the constant, ever mounting pressure to be getting laid all the time — with a wee little voice in the back of one's head occasionally suggesting, "Isn't this sex thing getting a bit like hard work?"

Then there was the problem of herpes. When I caught herpes from MAKE LOVE NOT WAR in

couldn't knock on the head. It was painful, it meant long periods of sexual abstinence around the time of an attack and it kept coming back, like clockwork, whenever you met some new, hot to trot woman of your dreams. But it didn't kill you and so, perhaps, only a trifle more slowly, the sexual revolution rolled on.

Then came AIDS. At first, we hoped with fingers crossed, that it was just something for gays to worry about. But despite the best/worst efforts of the tabloids to reassure heterosexual readers, slowly but surely the penny dropped. The sexy young lady who has invited you round for dinner, who hints over the profiteroles that you could stay the night, might *kill* you. This linkage of sex and death was something new. Not new historically, of course — throughout much of European history, venereal disease was deadly — but new to those of us who had grown up after the discovery of penicillin. Now, suddenly, we had to come to terms with the idea that beyond the bed might lie the grave. A nasty thought if ever there was one.

It was at this point that anyone with any sense realised that the sexual revolution which began way back in the 60s was officially out to lunch until someone came up with a cure for Aids or a vaccine for HIV. Suddenly, the happy-go-lucky humping Age of Aquarius, which we'd all come to take for granted, was cancelled until further notice. What a bummer. There's still no cure in sight and the evidence grows year by year, day by day, that this 'gay plague' is no such thing. It's a plague all right — a plague on *all* our houses if we don't get our act together tout suit.

How, then, to deal with sex in a post-AIDS world? There's the, "I'm all right, Jack, won't happen to me," response of the dim wit dodos which could be dismissed as *their* problem were it not for the fact that such amoral stupidity may well end up infecting sane but trusting spouses or lovers. Clearly, to behave as if AIDS isn't for real just isn't on. That AIDS can be transmitted by heterosexual sexual activity is an unfortunate fact, and to pres-



practised with religious zeal.

There was a downside to all this casual humping. Emotionally (as with one's genitals after a long night of non-stop bonking) one often felt a bit bruised and battered. Waking up in a strange bed in an unknown part of town with some girl whose name you couldn't remember and who

1969 the doctor at a 'Special Clinic' I visited dismissed the infection as, "Just like getting the odd cold sore on your face." By the mid '70s, however, the medical profession, the media and most of the public had come to realise that herpes was a serious problem. Here was something a two week's supply of pills

In quieter moments, Cheri harboured ambitions to become a doctor. "Did you know," she whispered to me during the shoot, "that if you removed all the veins, arteries, capillaries and intestines from a man's body and laid them end to end, that man would be dead?" I confessed to never having thought about it and promised to renew my subscription to The Lancet. Another strange fact, she told me, was that W. Francis Benedict mentioned finding a woman with a record-breaking clitoris in his book, The Sexual Anatomy Of Women. Intrigued, I asked her its length. "Would you believe, 12 inches long!" she replied. We were all relieved to discover that Cheri is petite and sweet in that department. A clitoris 12 inches long – it makes you think, doesn't it!



Photographed by DANIEL MAYOR



J O K E R

Two men having drinks in a pub:

Fred: Ever see an ice-cube with a hole in it, like this one in my pernod?

Alan: Yes. I was married to one for twenty five years.

J O K E R

attentions, but those nights, the moans and gasps, the compliments about his massive hard prick, were really meant to hurt my raunchy young competitor, as well as tell Gareth how much I enjoyed him!

After a while, it was pretty evident that Gareth suspected I was behaving in a really jealous way, but it still came as a shock when he went ahead and encouraged Meg. She'd got some good term paper results so he took her out to lunch and then on to a boutique where he must have spent a fortune on a tight black leather skirt and flouncy silk blouse. When they came home, Meg tried the new clothes on and I have to confess, she looked really

the enemy can easily pinpoint its position, and aims less effectively than the human eye. At a recent demonstration, when its computer was switched on, it immediately swung away from the target and toward the reviewing stand, causing the military observers to duck for cover.

'Miss Turner has set up a campaign against incestuous relationships at the house in Hydefield Close where she loves with her parents.'
(Enfield Gazette)

The South African Government's Publications Directorate recently lifted the ban on Karl Marx's early writings, but added to the restricted list a book containing a photograph of two zebras mating.

J I L L



Emma? Hmm, Emma is all about love and destiny. How full my heart is just looking at her. Let others shrink from the meaning of those terms – I exist on a more spiritual plane. Yes, love is all in my world. Well, apart from Emma's juicy bits. I like 'em. And as we all know, Emma's bitties and titties, for people who like that kind of thing, are just the sort of things that people like that would like. Am I right, or am I right?



quieter settee, darker and under a palm. Another gin and my thigh was pressed tight against his own and we were

JOKER

Julie: "The doctor says I have nymphomania."

Sally: "Who are you taking for it?"

JOKER

holding hands. Another and I was snuggling into his shoulder and his arm came round my shoulder. One more drink and our lips were brushing gently, I gave a gasp and ran my hand up his inner thigh. It was his turn to gasp, he moved away and I whispered, "What is it Rex . . . what is it pet?" He stammered, "My presents . . . the things I've bought . . . I'll have to take them up to my room . . ." It was an opening and I took it. I pressed my fingers into his thigh and murmured, "Righto handsome . . . an' take me up too."

There were protests — of a sort: "Are you sure Marie?" and, "What about your husband?"

VICE VERSA

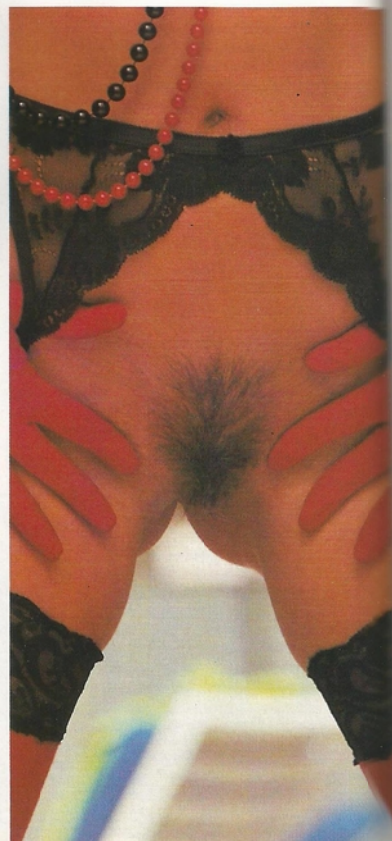
Baltimore Judge Hilary Caplan voided the marriage of Liberian Prince M.K. Ofosu-Appiah, 28, to Delores Buchanan, on the grounds that Buchanan was a man. The prince, who claimed that he never saw Buchanan nude and never consummated the marriage, discovered that Delores was a man when he saw that her birth certificate had "male" in the section identifying sex.

A 17 year old Memphis woman was married for four months before discovering that her husband was a 19 year old woman. According to a clergyman involved in the case, the woman said that her husband never let her see "him" naked because he was supposedly deformed by a football injury. The bride reportedly became suspicious when some of her husband's friends referred to him as, "Harriet."

MARSHA



Prefabricated suspenders are not the done thing in Los Angeles. Instead, hordes of celestial worker ants appear in the wee small hours and, by the light of an LA moon, knit thousands of silken strands together with their mandibles, ready for Marsha to wear in the morning. Her panties are woven by small white mice who use Angels' breath to stitch with. At least, that's what she tells me. Personally, I think she's been out in the smog too long.



Photographed by HUEY LOUIS



EMIMA
KNAVE

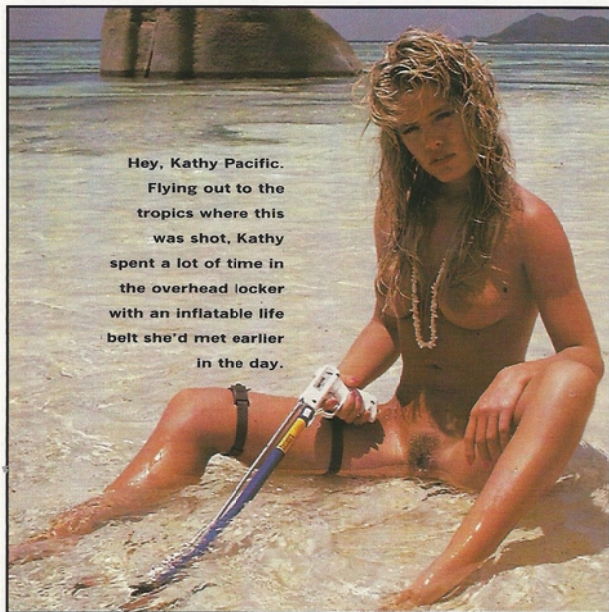






When dinosaurs ruled the Earth and the Fotogirls Editor was a young man, an idea was born. A collective thought, a sudden realisation and dreadful certainty of what was to be gripped the scaled ones and they rebelled against it, fighting for their very lives in the primordial swamps and forests. But even their muscle couldn't win such a titanic struggle. The knowledge that Becky would one day appear naked, her beautiful labia exposed to the world in the pages of Knave, was too much for them. They died. So any theories you might have had about a mini Ice Age or global catastrophe are just so much hot air. The truth is, Becky was just too sexy for a seven ton reptile with a walnut for a brain to handle. I barely made it myself.

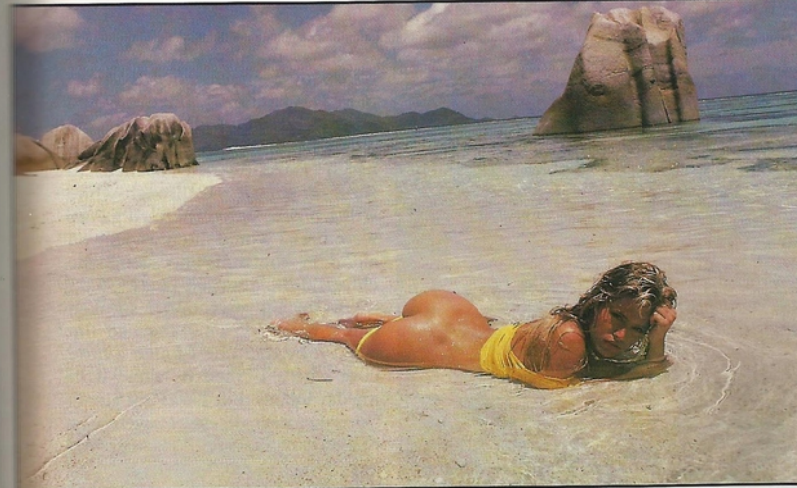




Hey, Kathy Pacific.
Flying out to the
tropics where this
was shot, Kathy
spent a lot of time in
the overhead locker
with an inflatable life
belt she'd met earlier
in the day.



They got along famously and all the
passengers were jealous of Kathy's new
lover. He was a brilliant cuddler and would
do anything for her. Even when she spat out
a biting remark and deflated his ego, he was
always there. Ready for her. Okay, so
he liked it orally, especially the
way Kathy's lips fitted so snugly
over his valve.



But when you get down to it, life and love is about partnership. Kathy can ride the tide with her buoy, 'cos he's a swell guy and won't make any waves in this relationship.





Cherri



Kathy

Photographed by ULF STJERNBO



ume otherwise isn't just wishful thinking — it's complete airhead idiosyncrasy.

Then there's the carry on with condoms approach which presumes that the sexual revolution can roll on as long as Rubber Johnny comes along for the ride. Obviously this approach makes a hell of a lot more sense than the dodos' devil may care road to ruin but it is, nevertheless, not without its problems. In particular, are you really prepared to entrust your life to .045mm of latex? I'm not — but then I'm hardly 18 and chafing at the bit to get out there and sow my wild oats.

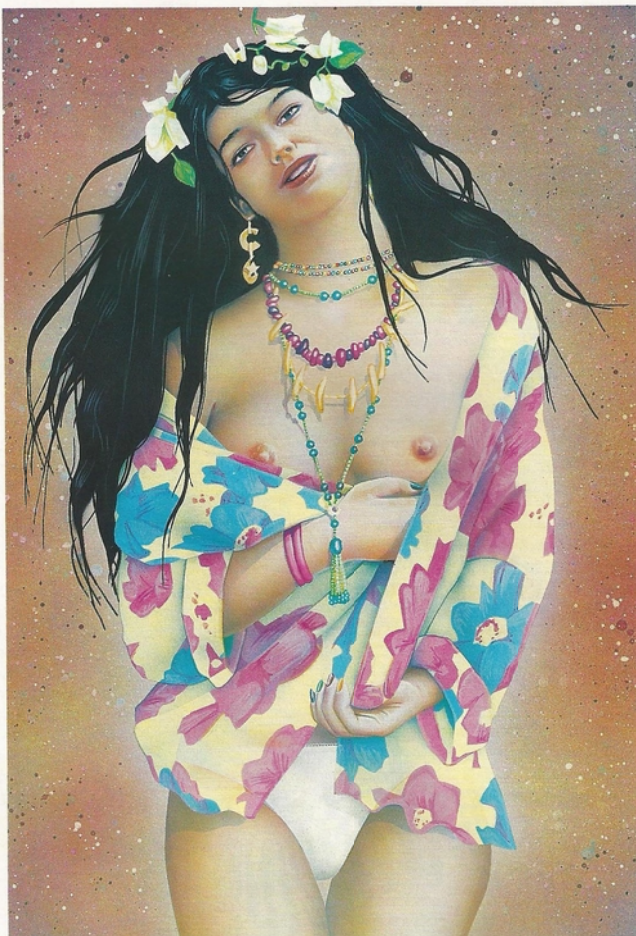
Also, (true confession time) I personally find that the decreased sensitivity which results from rubber coating my cock can have the effect of causing me to lose my hard on. This isn't the sort of thing us hermen like to admit to, but I'll wager that I'm not the only guy out there this has happened to. (A female friend of mine tells me that, "At least 50% of men have erection problems with condoms.") So you opt for the super sensitivity brand and this gives less erection problems but more of the, "I wonder if this thing is strong enough?" problems. It's a bitch no matter how you look at it.

So what's one to do? Wank around the clock until someone finds a cure for AIDS? As Woody Allen says, "Don't knock it, at least it's sex with someone you love." Strange isn't it that wanking is the last great taboo subject? I've never tried it of course, but it seems to me that in an age when sex can kill it shouldn't be dismissed (so to speak) out of hand. Perhaps some government health agency should get some advertising agency onto the job of giving wanking a better PR image? An aside: a friend of mine gave up smoking by substituting self abuse for fags. He hasn't had a smoke for 3 months but it must be said that no one invites him to dinner parties anymore.

DIY is one obvious safe sex option but there is, I believe, another. Call it the KINKY SEX FOR TWO OPTION and it seems to me that under the circumstances it's well worth considering. But only if you're prepared to kiss casual sex goodbye. For many, this isn't

an easy thing to do. For the anti-quarians of my generation who were teenagers in the '60s, casual sex is the hallmark of 'our' sexual revolution — that which sets us apart from the uptight inhibitedness of previous gener-

for sex — the erotic equivalent of muzak. However much we might have talked about being uninhibited and letting it all hang out, when it came right down to it, two strangers in bed for the first time — wary of being



ations. And for all subsequent generations, casual sex has become something (like inside lavatories) that is taken for granted as part of modern life.

But in retrospect, if I may be so bold, it seems to me that promiscuity is the sexual revolution that failed. It failed because — aside from all the hassle of waking up in Neasden and trips to special clinics — it just wasn't likely to result in great sex. Instead, what one usually got was lowest common denomina-

thought weird — invariably kept their activities within the bounds of some unspoken rules of 'normal sex'.

Sure, there's the *frisson* of the chase and 'scoring' but such things are about ego rather than sexual fulfilment. Casual sex is also an essentially lazy means of getting one's rocks off — like, in gastronomical terms, ordering a no. 96 instead of the usual no. 47 at the Chinese takeaway. And then you're hungry again in an hour. Don't get me wrong, I'm

not suggesting that variety isn't the spice of life — just that there are other kinds of variety than switching partners. Trickier, but perhaps preferable, even if, AIDS hadn't come along is working out ways of keeping sex hot within a long term relationship.

Impossible? Let me tell you about my friends James and Natalie. They're in their 20s, they live in London and they both spent most of their younger

and Natalie's case they decided that before *getting down* they would go and have an AIDS test. They went together to the Royal Free Hospital in London where they were counselled together, had blood samples taken and returned later the same day, together for the results. They were both HIV negative and after a few celebratory drinks at the pub they got into bed and partied. For hours.

"So what to do? Wank around the clock until someone comes up with a cure for AIDS?"

years screwing anything of the opposite sex they could get their hands on. Then they got bored and/or scared about AIDS and went into wanking mode for a while. They met at an all night rave, started hanging around together but were wary of leaping into bed together.

Or, to be more precise, they did eventually leap into bed together but kept their knickers on. Then they began experimenting with a bit of mutual masturbation. How absolutely off the wall weird/perverted, I hear you say and I must admit that my own reaction on hearing this from James wasn't too dissimilar. Two red blooded, apparently normal young people lying in bed playing with themselves? But that's what they did and by all accounts neither got the least bit bored and, knock on wood, neither went blind.

After close on to a month of this they considered progressing to oral sex. Can you get AIDS from oral sex? This is a tricky one to answer. Theoretically you can: there are something like 6 cases world wide where the individuals concerned have insisted that there was no other way they could have become HIV positive. But aside from the fact that this is only a minuscule percentage of the total number of known HIV positive cases, off the record, if you talk to various doctors and AIDS counsellors they will tell you that they have serious doubts about whether anyone has ever caught AIDS from oral sex.

You'll have to make up your own minds on this one. In James,

This, however, isn't where their story ends. Especially after the nail biting, gut wrenching, mind concentrating experience of going for an AIDS test, James and Natalie were determined to do everything they could to avoid the thing which tends to happen a few months on in a relationship when one or both partners begin to think about wandering. Essentially what they have attempted, is to prove that monogamy need not be monotonous and to this end they have deliberately stepped outside the rules of 'normal sexual behaviour'.

I've already mentioned their predilection for mutual masturbation — even now that they've been tested for HIV they still, off and on, indulge in 'this sort of thing. They also (so they tell me in vivid detail) go in for a lot of oral sex. To put it slightly differently, things which we traditionally categorize as sexual hors d'oeuvre, James and Natalie will often have as a main course. Their motto: 'sex isn't just screwing'.

They're determined that sex shouldn't become a routine. To this end they not only vary the where and when of sex, they also switch around which of them is 'in charge' — sometimes even to the point of tossing a coin. Such 'role playing games' are often aided and abetted by their ever expanding wardrobe of kinky outfits. James bought Natalie a 'kinky' rubber dress, rubber stockings and long rubber gloves. Natalie bought James a leather jock strap and a pair of cowboy boots. Cowboy

boots? Each to their own I say, but will she get him a horse next?

Aside from playing such games in the privacy of their own flat, Natalie and James often go out to the 'fetish clubs' which have been popular in London for some time (and which are now popping up throughout the country). The exhibitionism of acting out aspects of their private lives in a semi-public (but condoning) situation seems to recharge their erotic batteries — as does the voyeuristic experience of watching other couples do their thing.

Finally, and undoubtedly most important of all, is imagination, communication and an overcoming of the fear of being seen to be sexually weird and abnormal. James and Natalie regularly tell each other their private fantasies — however strange. Some of these get incorporated into their sex games but there is no compunction to do so because they believe that to *always* make their fantasies real would itself be inhibiting.

This, most of all is where I think the sexual revolution of the '60s got off the rails. 'Don't dream it, do it' sounded good at the time but the end result was to emphasize the physical at the expense of the mental. What started as a 'head trip' ended up as huge piles of sweaty bodies humping in swing clubs. In the process, imagination went out the window — and with it an appreciation of the fact that the mind easily is the most powerful sexual organ.

Natalie and James are not alone in their experimentation with the outer fringes of eroticism. The phenomenal growth of the 'fetish clubs', the kinky extreme of even mainstream fashion and the emphasis on the sexually weird and the bizarre in cinema and TV (from 'Twin Peaks' to xxxxxxxxxx) all points towards a *second* revolution replacing casual promiscuity with erotic experimentation. This could be seen as a logical response to living with the shadow of AIDS hanging over us or, alternatively, as simply an eventuality, with awareness that casual sex is more often than not boring sex. Either way, at long last, something interesting is going on. My suggestion: get kinky, go weird ... but play safe.

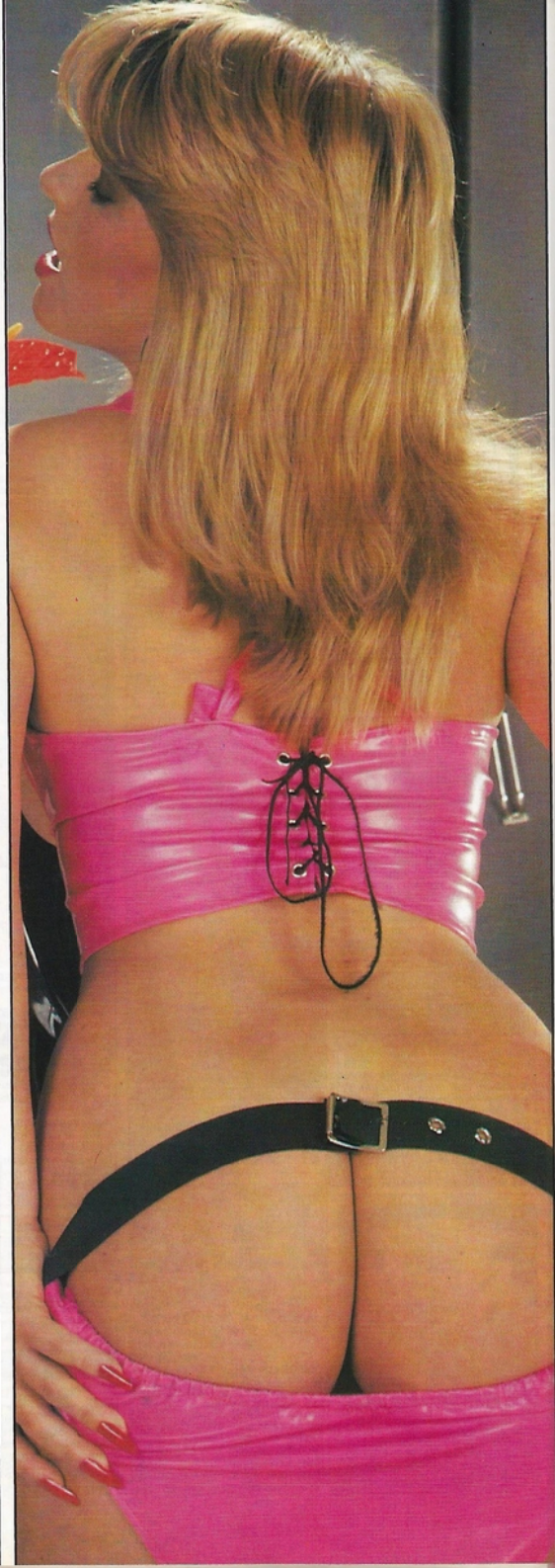
EMMA



Photographed by JIMMY FREEBIRD



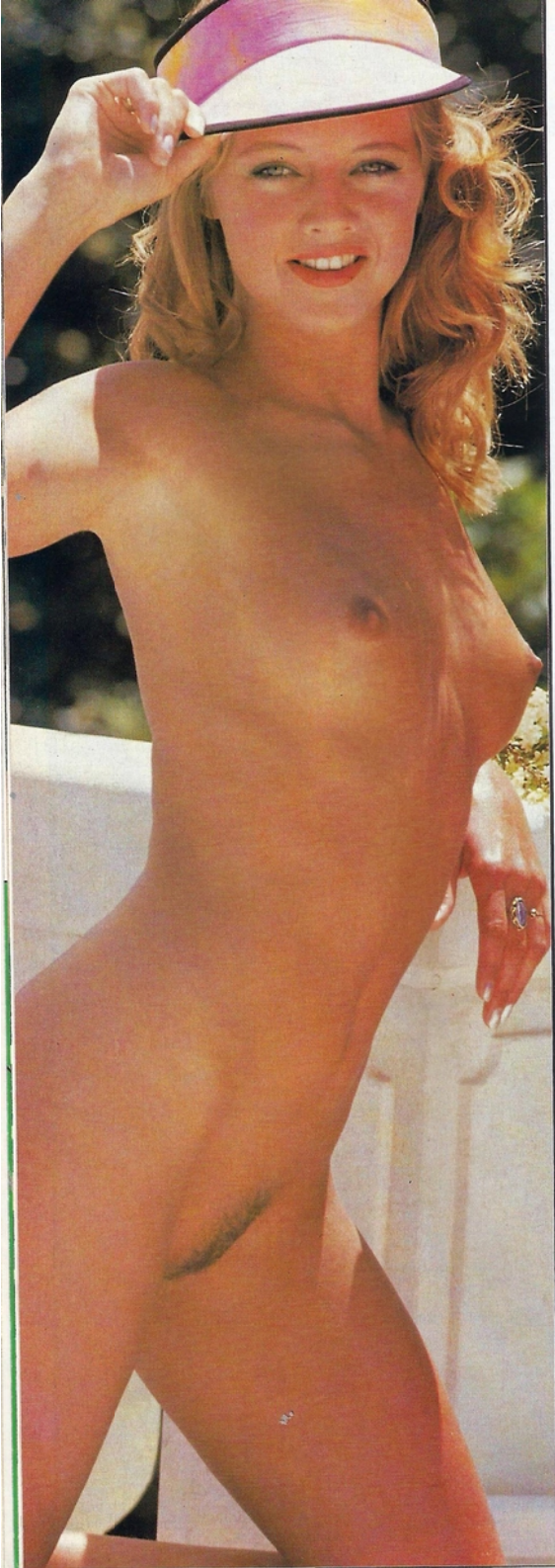
BECKY



Photographed by GEOFF HAYES

France. Glorious Paris, home of some of the sexiest women in known universe. Dull old Britain became too much for the bootiful Michaela and she nipped across the waters to continue her studies in marine biology at the Jack Custard Oceanic Centre. There, she finished off a dissertation on the sex lives of whales. This involved spending many hours locked in a small, dark room listening to breathy David Attenborough narrations of Sperm whales going hard at it in the ocean depths. Michaela was so excited by the sight of male whale's tackle that she now measures her boyfriends by their size. So unless you've got testicles that weigh around 100lb each (Blue Whale), you're out of luck with Michaela. And if you do, I can recommend a good doctor.





Michaela





Jane is a bit of a news hound, so I was most excited when she informed me that she had read a piece in which American scientists announced the discovery of a male G spot. It's true, apparently men can orgasm without actually spurting a thick wad of creamy goo everywhere. You simply get that knee jerking, goofy face feeling instead. I told Jane that for me, the mess was the best part. After all, if my desk is literally awash with congealed body fluid, the staff know I've had a good day. But if I were to simply sit here twitching, it might put some of our visitors off. I did promise to look into the matter, though, so if we can find out how to do it, you'll be the first people to know!



Wot, not Jill again? Yeah, sorry people, but I'm afraid I still have seven hundred sets of her to use. I'm sorry, we just got carried away in the studio and by the time we'd collected ourselves and dressed it was October. Perhaps it was the pheromone rush, maybe it was Jill's smile and adept shorthand. We'll never know. I'm just a working stiff trying to do his best for his readers, and if seeing Jill again upsets you, well I'm sorry. I just thought I knew you, that you felt the same way as I do. I feel cheated. It's incredible how we could have known each other so long and yet not really been on the same wavelength. Perhaps I should just go now. No, don't say goodbye . . .



Problems are something we've all got. Yes, even the Knave team have the occasional worry. Usually, we panic about whether or not those Gucci loafers match that Armani suit. Sometimes we even ask our fave problem solver, BETTE NOIR for advice. And this little page is where she hands it out...

What's YOUR PROBLEM?

Q: I read that when a man comes, a chemical is released into his brain, which makes him sleepy. Is that true? Can you tell me something about this phenomenon? — Anthony, St. Michael.

A: Hm. There's nothing to my knowledge in the seminal juice which is similar to what you describe. The drowsiness that many men and women (although not all) feel comes from the release of all that delicious tension that's been built up, emotionally and physically from sex. A lot of people, after all, feel downright upright after a good bout in the sack — for example, morning sex. Better than coffee! I think you're thinking of endorphins, "nature's opiates" that are produced by the brain — remember "runner's high"? The burst of euphoria that they sometimes get? Those critters can make one feel exhilarated or drowsy, and often flood in right after heavy exercise. Well, sex is exercise, the best there is — speedier heart rate, muscle tension, raised body temp — so it's possible.

Q: Almost every morning when I wake up, I discover that I have an erection. I'm curious, but also a little bothered. What do I do about it? I haven't asked anyone else if they have the same thing (I'm 35). — J.B., London.

A: Oooh, you healthy beast! Waking up stiff doesn't mean you have to hit the bathroom, as it was once assumed. It's just the last erection of the night — you have several of 'em, you know. Your ladyfriend *must*, by now. It's a sign you're healthy, both physically and

psychologically. And it also means your testosterone level (necessary!) has been pumping away happily during the early A.M., so relax and enjoy it! Rise and shine! Better yet, come round to my neck of the woods... If you've run out of time, set the alarm a few minutes earlier and give yourself a hand — *somebody's* — before setting off for work.

Q: It seems that almost every time that my girlfriend and I have sex, she has to go to the bathroom! I've suggested that she go beforehand, which she does, but she still sometimes says she feels the urge afterward. Is she all right? Should she see the doctor? — C.S., York.

A: Nah, probably not. A lot of women have the same urge. Figure it this way: the nerves and muscles involved in both sex and urinating are in the same area, after all, so it's not surprising. Your cock may also be pressing against her bladder, or it could be creating friction which irritates the urethra (leads from the bladder to the urinary hole). Different positioning might help — see how that affects the way she feels. Actually, having a pee after sex is thought to cleanse the bladder and the urethra of any possible bacteria that might have been pushed in during sex — silver lining dept!

Q: This is going to sound outrageous, but is it natural that I should feel like sneezing after I make love? It doesn't happen all the time — but there seems to be no pattern. I have no allergies, as far as I know. — W.W., Doncaster.

A: Actually, that's not unusual. The body isn't that perfect a machine that when

some parts of it get turned on, others won't. When parts of you are getting aroused, so is your nose, in a sense — relax and bring the tissues. I know one woman who gets tears in her eyes after she comes — it's not sentiment or sadness, it's just her tearducts becoming turned on, too! Be glad you're not in her position — until she explains, she always has to tell her new partner, "No, I'm *not* worried you won't respect me in the morning!"

Q: I'm 19 years old. I've jerked off for years, on an average of once a day. Will this have any effect on my ability to stay hard when I'm older? Will I have any difficulty in having children someday, as a result? — N.W., Perth.

A: Nope, my little one. Keep on enjoying yourself. Sexuality can't be "used up". You don't have a limited number of times you can ejaculate and then wham, that's all there is, folks. Matter of fact, older men who are sexually active tend to have begun early in their lives. Cheers! When you're 45, 55, 65, 75 come over to my place...

Q: Until I got married I used to wank by lying on my stomach, cupping my hand over my cock and pushing myself into the mattress until I ejaculated. I never shafted. After marrying, I didn't masturbate, there wasn't any need to. Now, at the age of 55, I am partly impotent and a widower. I can't masturbate like I used to, and I can't do it by shafting. Is it because of the way I did it when I was young? What can I do to shoot my load? — A.W., Bucks.

A: The traditional definition of "impotence" is the inability to have an erection. Has your GP

explored whether your problem has physiological or (more likely) psychological causes? Check that one out first, mate. Since it's possible to have an erection without being aroused, are you trying to force one? That's setting yourself up for failure. Since you apparently had satisfying sex during your marriage, your cock does respond to other methods. The more you try, the more elusive the desired effect! Each time you "fail", that reinforces the feeling that next time you will, too. Break the vicious cycle by concentrating for a while on the *sensations*, NOT the end goal. You need enough stimulation, which you're not getting. Enough time to reorientate your penis to the stroking or shafting methods (your earlier one isn't giving you enough sensation) and the time that the responses of an older man needs. And NO demands, your cock won't take orders. That's the formula!

Q: I've noticed that the smell of female genitalia (well, all right, pussy) is a very arousing one for me. I'd like to assume that this is a natural reaction for men. That it's intended to be, but I'd like to make sure. — D.E., Lancs.

A: You and (officially) about half the male population! Pheromones (chemicals found in the glands around the genitals and the underarms of both men and women) are crucial to sexual signalling amongst a lot of mammals (that's you and me, dear). There's an increasing amount of research being done in the field, but suffice to say, let your nose be your guide, you beast! You're behaving, in terms of animal behaviour, very appropriately...



Salem



Photographed by HUEY LOUIS





enjoying her. A stream of oaths, and, "Oh God Gareth, give me your fuck juice now darling, I'm coming, now!" led straight into her climax, and I watched her shake with the energy release. Gareth's spunk was pouring hard into her.

PUN-ilingus

Beach bum:

A hot, sandy bottom located behind a pee-er.

Big nipples:

Why women are "tipped" for the position of topless model.

Bra:

T-cosy.

For a few seconds they lay there spent, and I looked on, defeated. Meg was full of herself straight after though. As Gareth withdrew, his come oozed out of her hot, swollen hole, and she dipped her fingers down in there, languidly checking my expression for anger. When Gareth saw I'd accepted it all he laughed.

I said earlier that we girls are competitive, but adaptable. Well the second part of that came true during the following weeks. Yes, I accepted that Meg would sleep in the master bedroom with Gareth, but I also quite got to like having her around, even though she ruled the roost. She looked very good with Gareth and bit by bit I've started to buy her more things, so he can take her out regularly. I know that I'll look forward to the college holidays when I get my husband back again, but I can't pretend I will resist when she returns and takes over as mistress of the house once more. I suppose a husband could never stand that situation, were it reversed. As I say, women are adaptable, when the man's worth as much as Gareth. — R.J., Hants.

Pints Of It

Until around four months ago I had never read either Knave or Fiesta. My name is Marie, and Don and I have been married for three years. Of course, just how long Don has taken your mag is another story because



ZOE



Zoe is colour blind. No, don't laugh, because it's something that's caused her a lot of problems over the years. Especially in her work as a painter and decorator. Luckily, we found her and gave her a shoot. Even she knew where her pink bit were. Now, thanks to us, she's working as a colour tester for a black and white TV manufacturer.



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So much for free love

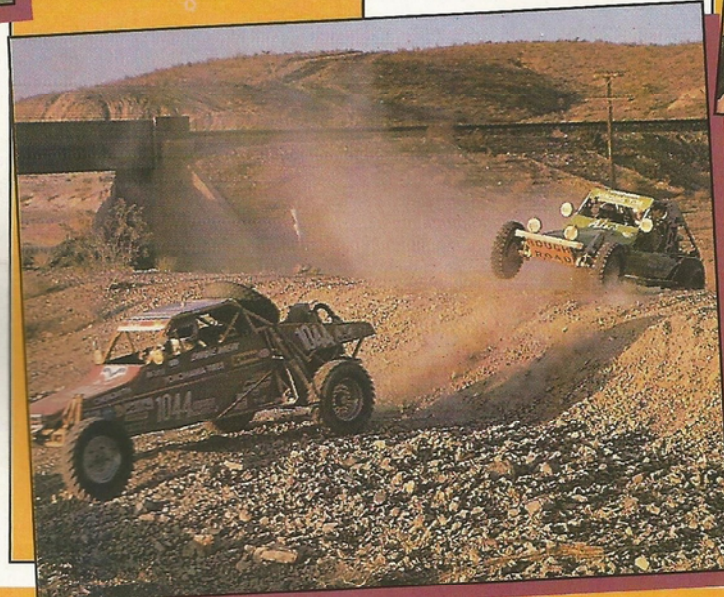


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IT HAPPENED
TO ME

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